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THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
FACSIMILE REPRINTS

I

FULGENS AND LUCRES

By HENRY MEDWALL

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FACSIMILE REPRINTS

I

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Of this book 200 *copies have been printed*

No. 161

THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
FACSIMILE REPRINTS

I

FULGENS AND LUCRES

BY

HENRY MEDWALL

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WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY
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The early English books in the Henry E. Huntington Library will all be fully described in the elaborate catalogue prepared under the direction of Mr. George Watson Cole.

Meanwhile it has been thought advisable to place in the hands of scholars trustworthy photographic facsimiles of a few of the rarer items, especially those which have not yet been reprinted and of which no correct text is easily available.

Each reprint will be accompanied by a short introductory note giving the necessary bibliographical and literary information.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

ABOUT the year 1700, the English bibliophile John Bagford pasted into his famous scrap-books two leaves (now in the British Museum, Harleian MS. 5919, fol. 20, n. 98) from an unknown early English play.

In December 1896, in part ii of the *Hand-Lists of English Printers*, 1501-1556, published by the Bibliographical Society, the late Robert Proctor (doubtless assisted in his work by E. Gordon Duff) listed these two leaves among the impressions of John Rastell (1516-1533) whose types he had recognized; his entry runs: "Play concerning Lucretia 4°".

A few years later, these leaves were reproduced in facsimile by W. Bang and R. B. McKerrow in Bang's *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas*, *vol. xii* (Louvain, 1905), pp. 100-104, and shortly afterwards edited by W. W. Greg in the *Collections* of the Malone Society, vol. i, part 2 (1908), pp. 137-142.

Meanwhile, E. K. Chambers, in his valuable work on *The mediaeval stage* (Oxford, 1903, 2 vols. 8vo), vol. ii, p. 458 (see *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. v, part 1, 1910, p. 454) had observed that the two leaves in the Bagford scrap-books were doubtless part of the play only known to scholars by the following cryptic statement in J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the life of Shakespeare* (5th and subsequent editions, vol. ii, pp. 340-341): "The most ancient English secular drama which is known to exist was written about the year 1490 by the Rev. Henry Medwall, chaplain to Morton, Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, and afterwards printed by Rastell under the title of: a godely interlude of Fulgeus, Cenatoure of Rome, Lucres his doughter, Gayus Flaminius and Publius Cornelius, of the Disputacyon of Noblenes."

In spite of the tantalizing precision of this statement, it conveyed but little to the student as long as no one knew where Halliwell had obtained such a remarkable piece of information. Did the book still exist? Had Halliwell ever seen a copy? In what dark corner was this unknown interlude lurking?

The answer to the riddle was given to the book-world in the spring of 1919. A copy of the missing play was among the books from Mostyn Hall sold at Sotheby's on 20 March 1919 (pp. 23-24, n. 226 of the Catalogue, with a facsimile of two pages). It was purchased at a high price by Mr. George D. Smith and is now in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington.[1]

There is not the shadow of a doubt that Halliwell's information was derived from the Mostyn copy. We have even direct evidence that he had actually seen the Mostyn plays, in the following hitherto unobserved passage of the late W. C. Hazlitt's *Shakespear, himself and his work, a biographical study, third edition* (London, B. Quaritch, 1908, 8vo), pp. 309-310: "A second extremely important assemblage of Shakespear and Elizabethan quartos, that formerly the property of the Bishop of Ossory,[2] was also bound up (like Oxinden's) at the time in a series of volumes, of which two were abstracted under unknown circumstances, and sold at Manchester and in London respectively in 1881 and 1905. The others were dispersed in London in 1907, and were, as they had long been, in the possession of Lord Mostyn.

[1] See Frederick S. Boas, The Mostyn Plays, in *The* [London] *Times Literary Supplement*, 20 February 1919, p. 94; Arthur W. Reed, *Fulgens and Lucres, ibid.*, 3 April 1919, p. 178.

[2] *I.e.*, Griffith Williams, Bishop of Ossory (1589-1672), on whom see *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. lxi, pp. 401-403.

They are identical with the series mentioned to me many years since by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as being at Mostyn or Gloddaeth."

Further details are given by Hazlitt in *A roll of honour, a calendar of the names of over* 17,000 *men and women who throughout the British Isles and in our early colonies have collected MSS. and printed books*, (London, B. Quaritch, 1908, 4°), pp. 262-263; referring to the Mostyn books sold in 1881 and 1907, he states that "One of the plays, *The Devil's Charter* by Barnabe Barnes, 1607, has on the title the signature of Williams prior to his accession to the see, and others, if not the majority, may also have been more or less early acquisitions. The covers of one of the collective volumes bears the initials H. W., probably a relative, and the *Thersites* carries on the fly-leaves marks of having belonged to other Welsh owners, who were not scholars."

The existence of valuable early quartos at Mostyn Hall had long been rumoured among book-lovers. Dr. Aldis Wright had vainly endeavoured to gain access to them some forty years ago according to an amusing tradition echoed (by Mr. Edmund Gosse?) in *The Sunday Times*, 6 April 1919.

I can find no details about the Mostyn plays sold (according to Hazlitt) at Manchester in 1881 and at London in 1905; but it was an open secret that the remarkable series of sixty-eight early plays sold by Messrs. Sotheby on 31 May and 1 June 1907 were the property of Lord Mostyn. The 1919 sale, with its 364 lots, apparently completed the dispersal of this unique collection which must at one time have included some five hundred plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, bound in old calf in some forty or fifty volumes, now all taken to pieces and dispersed.

Can we trace back any farther than to Mostyn Hall the origin of this valuable collection of early plays and to ascertain the original founder (or founders—for the

bindings of these quarto volumes were of two or three distinct styles) of this dramatic library?

A first clue is given by the study of the portion sold in 1919. Hardly any books printed after 1670 occur in it, so that we thus obtain some kind of a *terminus ante.*

The name of the collector actually occurs on the title of at least one book, the Duke of Buckingham's play "The Rehearsal" (1672) which bears the signature: *Thomas Mostyn of Gloaddath* (Mostyn sale, n. 31; now belongs to Mr. Dobell).

More valuable information still is to be derived from a careful study of the various lists of printed plays published in the seventeenth century and so ably tabulated by W. W. Greg in *A list of masques, pageants, etc., supplementary to a list of English plays* (London, Bibliographical Society, 1902, 4°), pp. i-cxx.

The four lists edited by Mr. Greg are:

1. "An exact and perfect catalogue of all Playes that are printed" added by the booksellers Richard Rogers and William Ley to their edition of Thomas Goffe's play "The Careless Shepherdess," 1656.
2. A similar and somewhat fuller list, derived from the above, in Edward Archer's edition of the "Old Law" by Massinger, Middleton and Rowley, also printed in 1656.
3. Francis Kirkman's first list, added to "Tom Tyler and his Wife," 1661.
4. Kirkman's second list, added to "Nicomede," 1671.

In all these four lists *Fulgens and Lucres* occurs in the following shape:

1. (Rogers and Ley, 1656). Fulgius and Lucrell.
2. (Archer, 1656). Fulgius and Lucrell.
3. (Kirkman, 1661). Fulgius and Lucrel.
4. (Kirkman, 1671). Fulgius and Lucrel.

The misprint *Fulgius and Lucrell* for *Fulgens and Lucres* is easily explained; but as it occurs in all four lists, it seems certain that 2, 3, and 4 copy here list 1.

Further and more striking evidence is given by the entries concerning *Fedele and Fortunio*, another play of which the only known copy was in the Mostyn collection. The lists give it as:

1. (Rogers and Ley, 1656). Fidele and Fortunio.
2. (Archer, 1656). Fidele and Fortunata.
3. (Kirkman, 1661). Fidele and Fortunata.
4. (Kirkman, 1671). Fidele and Fortunatus.

Here list 1 alone has preserved the true reading: 2, 3, and 4 obviously copy 1 and add misprints.

It seems therefore possible that the actual copies subsequently at Mostyn Hall were those seen by Rogers and Ley in 1656 and used by them when they were compiling their catalogue.

This receives further corroboration from the presence in the Mostyn library of Rogers and Ley's catalogue (Mostyn sale, n. 134) and from the fact that other unique or practically unique books such as *Enough is as good as a feast* and *Common conditions*, or very scarce items such as *Impatient Poverty*, *Jack Juggler*, and *Thersytes*, all occur both in Rogers and Ley's list and in the Mostyn sales.

This confers on the Mostyn plays an additional interest as being in all probability the remains of the earliest English dramatic library catalogued in print.

Whether, as Hazlitt believed, this library ever belonged to Bishop Griffith Williams, is a point yet open to discussion and on which supplementary research is much to be desired.

*

* *

The author of Fulgens and Lucres, Henry Medwall, had long been known to us by the following dramatic production:

¶ Nature. ‖ ¶ A goodly interlude of Nature cōpyld

by mayster ‖ Henry Medwall chapleyn to the ryght re-‖ uerent father in god Johan Morton ‖ somtyme Cardynall and arche‖byshop of Can-‖terbury .·.

N. p. n. d. [London, William Rastell, between 1530 and 1534], small fol., Goth. 36 ff. (a-i^4).

One of the two extant copies is much cropped (British Museum, C.34 e.54); it contains at the end leaves c1 and c4 in duplicate (these come from the W. B. Scott collection).

The second copy is in the University Library, Cambridge (Sayle, n. 351). A single leaf is in the Bodleian (Rawl. 4°, 598. 12) and a small fragment, the bottom of leaf g4, is in Sir John Fenn's typographical album, last in the Van Antwerp collection.

The types of *Nature* are quite different from those used in *Fulgens and Lucres.*

The most recent biographers of Medwall[1] ascribe to this author another interlude "Of the Finding of Truth who was carried away by Ignorance and Hypocrisy." The only ground to this ascription is the following passage of J. Payne Collier, The history of English Dramatic poetry (London, 1831. 3 vols. 12°) L, pp. 64-65:

. . . The most curious part of this document relates to the Revels at Richmond during the festivities of Christmas 1514-15, *which thus commences:*

"*For to do pleser the Kyngs grace, and for to pas the tyme of Chrestemas, by Sir Harry Gyllfurth* [*Guildford*] *Master of the Revells, was devysed an Interluit, in the wheche conteyned a moresks* [*moresco*] *of vj persons and ii ladys: wherfor by hys commandement, of our soveraine lord the Kyng, and at apoyntment of Sir Harry Gylforth, was preparyd, had and wrought dyvers and sundry garments.*"

This is followed by a detail of the materials purchased for the making of the dresses, etc; but before I mention a few of the particulars, it will render them more in-

[1] *E.g.*, Th. Seccombe in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxxvii, pp. 207-208.

telligible, if I quote a singular paper folded up in the roll, and in a different handwriting, giving an account of the nature of the exhibitions before the King on this occasion. Two interludes were performed, one by Cornyshe and the Children of the Chapel, and the other by English and the rest of the King's players, and the account of them is as follows:

"*The Interlud was callyd the tryumpe of Love and Bewte, and yt was wryten and presentyd by Mayster Cornyshe and oothers of the Chappell of our soverayne lorde the Kyng, and the chyldern of the sayd Chapell. In the same Venus and Bewte dyd tryumpe over al ther enemys, and tamyd a salvadge man and a lyon, that was made very rare and naturall, so as the Kyng was gretly plesyd therwyth, and gracyously gaf Mayster Cornysshe a ryche reward owt of his owne hand, to be dyvydyd with the rest of his felows. Venus dyd synge a songe with Beawte, which was lykyd of al that harde yt, every staffe endyng after this sortte:*

Bowe you downe, and doo your dutye
To Venus and the goddes Bewty:
We tryumpe hye over all,
Kyngs attend when we doo call.

Inglyshe, and the oothers of the Kynges pleyers, after pleyed an Interluyt, whiche was wryten by Mayster Midwell, but yt was so long yt was not lykyd: yt was of the fyndyng of Troth, who was caryed away by ygnoraunce & ypocresy. The foolys part was the best, but the Kyng departyd befor the end to hys chambre."

This portion of the document appears to be in the handwriting of Cornyshe himself, who appended his signature in the following form: WILLIAME CORNYSSHE.

The document relating to the Revels at Richmond 1514-1515, is in the Record Office (Misc. Bks. Exch. T.R. 217); but, as observed by Mr. Arthur W. Reed, the "singular paper" printed by Collier is nowhere to be found and doubtless never existed except in the vivid imagination of that thoroughly unreliable author.

Mr. Reed has gathered together the few scanty documents relating to Medwall; the latest bears the date of June 1501.

It is again to Mr. Reed that we turn for information on the subject of *Fulgens and Lucres*. As already discovered by Prof. Creizenach from the two leaves in the British Museum (Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. xlvii, 1911) the play is a dialogued adaptation of the *Controversia de nobilitate* written by Bonus Accursius or Buonaccorsi of Pistoia, translated into French by Jehan Mielot and of which an English version by the Earl of Worcester was printed in 1481 by Caxton at the end of Cicero's *De senectute* and *De amicitia*. We may easily believe that Medwall used Caxton's volume.

Far more interesting than the actual disputation on true nobility is the curious dialogued preamble with remarkable statements as to the social condition of English actors about A.D. 1500. They are, to say the least, unexpected, and no future historian of the stage would be wise to neglect this new evidence on the question.

*

* *

The following is a bibliographical description of *Fulgens and Lucres*.

¶ Here is cōteyned a godely interlude of Fulgens ‖ Cenatoure of Rome. Lucres his doughter. Gayus ‖ flaminius. & Publi⁹. Corneli⁹. of the disputacyon of ‖ noblenes. & is deuyded in two ꝑtyes, to be played at ‖ ii. tymes. Cōpyled by mayster Henry medwall. late ‖ chapelayne to ꝟ ryght reuerent fader in god Johan ‖ Morton cardynall & Archebysshop of Cantꝛbury. ‖ (*woodcut: a gentleman and lady talking*).—*F. 39v., l. 9*: ¶ Emprynted at london by Johan Rastell ‖ dwellynge on the south syde of paulys ‖ chyrche by syde paulys cheyne.

F. 40: *blank.*

4° Goth. 40 ffnc., the last a blank (a-f^6, g^4) 33 lines to a page. Woodcut on title.

Printed between 1516 and 1533.

Copy known.

1. Early owners: Miles Blomefylde, Mr. Ashborne, and P. D. Belonged as early as the seventeenth century to the Mostyn family, and last to the Lord Mostyn of Mostyn Hall, Mostyn, Chester; his sale (London, 20 March 1919, pp. 23-24, n. 226, and 2 pl.) to G. D. Smith. Now in the library of HENRY E. HUNTINGTON.

Perfect with the final blank (which is partly torn away). Formerly bound in old calf with other plays, now separately in morocco, by Rivière.

Fragment.

2. Two leaves (e 3 and 4) both cropped, are in the Bagford scrap-books (British Museum, Harleian MS. 5919, fol. 20, n. 98).

There is cõteyned a godely interlude of Fulgens Senatoure of Rome. Lucres his doughter. Gayus flaminius. & Publi9. Co9neli9. of the disputacyon of noblenes. & is deuyded in two ptyes/to be played at ii. tymes. Cõpyled by mayster Henry medwall. late chapelayne to ỳ ryght reuerent fader in god Johan Morton cardynall & Archebyshop of Caũterbury.

PD

Intrat A dicens.

A for goddis will
what meane ye syrs to stond so still
Haue not ye etyn & your full
And payd no thinge therfore
I wys syrs thus dare I say
He that shall for the shott pay
Vouch saueth. that ye largely assay
Suche mete as he hath in store
I trowe your dishes be not bare
Nor yet ye do the wyne spare
Therfore be mery as ye fare
ye ar welcom eche oon
Unto this house with oute faynynge
But I meruayle moche of one thinge.
That after this mery drynkynge
And good recreacyon
There is no wordes amonge this presse
Non sunt loquele neqz sermones
But as it were men in sadnes
Here ye stonde musynge
where aboute I can not tell
Or some els praty damesell
For to daunce and sprynge
Tell me what calt is it not so
I am sure here shalbe some what a do
And I wis I will know it or I go
with oute I be dryuyn hens

Intrat B.

Nay nay hardely man I vndertake
No man wyll suche mastryes make
And it were but for the maner sake
Thou maist tary by licence

And it were but for the maner sake
Thou mast tary by licence
Among other men and see the pley
I warand no man wyll say the nay.
A ¶ I thinke it well euyn as ye say
That no man wyll me greue
But I pray you tell me that agayn
Shall here be a play.
B Ye for certeyn.
A ¶ By my trouth therof am I glad and fayn.
And ye will me beleue
Of all the worlde I loue suche sport
It dothe me so mych plesure and comfort
And that causith me euer to resort
wher suche thing is to do
I trowe your owyn selfe be oon
Of them that shall play
B ¶ Nay I am none.
I trowe thou spekyst in derision
To lyke me ther to.
A ¶ Nay I mok not wot ye well
For I thought verely by your apparell
That ye bad bene a player
B ¶ Nay neuer a dell.
A ¶ Than I cry you mercy.
I was to blame/lo therfor I say
Ther is somyche nyce aray
Amonges these galandis now aday
That a man shall not lightly
Know a player from a nother man
But now to the purpose wher I began
I see well here shalbe a play than.
B Ye that ther shall doutles

And I trow ye shall like it well
A ¶ It seneth than that ye can tell
Sumwhat of the mater
B Tye I am of counsell
One tolde me all the processe
A ¶ And I pray you what shall it be.
B ¶ By my fayth as it was tolde me
More than ones or twyse
As fare as I can bere it awaye
All the substaunce of theyr play
Shall procede this wyse.
¶ when thempire of rome was in such floure
That all the worlde was subgett to the same
Than was there an nobill senatour
And as I remēber fulgens was his name
whiche had a doughter of nobill fame
And yet as thauctor sayth in veray dede.
Her nobill vertu dide her fame excede

¶ All be it there was not one all most
Thorough oute all the cyte yong ne olde
That of her beaute did not boste
And ouer that her verteuse manyfolde
In suche maner wyse were prayse and tolde
That it was thought she lakkede no thing
To a nobill woman that was accordyng.

Grete labour was made her fauour to attayne
In the way of mariage and among all
That made suche labour were specially twayn
whiche more than other dyd besily on her call
On the whiche twayn she sett her mynde especiall
So that she vtterly determyned in her hert

The one of them to haue all other sett a parte

¶ One of them was called publins Cornelius
Borne of noble blode it is no nay
That other was one gayus flamyneus
Borne of a pore stocke as men doth say
But for all that many a fayre day
Thorough his grete wisedome & vtueor be hauyour
He rulyd the comen wele to his grete honoure.

¶ And how so be it that the vulgare oppynion
Hade both these men in lyke fauour & reuerence
Supposing they had bene of lyke condycion
yet this seyd woman of inestimable prudence
Sawe that there was some maner of difference
For the whiche her answere she differred & spared
Tyll both theyre cōdycions were openly declared

¶ And yet to them both this comfort she gaue
He that coude be founde more noble of them twayne
In all godely maner her harte sholde he haue
Of the which answere they both were glade & fayne
For ether of them trustede therby to attayne
Theffecte of his desyre/yet when they had do
One of them must nedis his appetit for goo.

¶ Here vpp on was areysyd a grete doute & questiō
Euery man all after as he was affeccionate
Unto the parties seyd his oppynion
But at the laste in eschewyng of debate
This matter was brought before the senate
They to gyue therin an vtter sentence
whiche of these.ii.men sholde haue.ÿ pēminence

And finally they gaue sentence and awarde
That gayus flampyneus was to be cõmende
For the more nobill man haupnge no regarde
To his lowe byrthe of the whiche he dyde dyscende
But onely to his vertue thay dyde therin attende
whiche was so grete that of couenience
All the cyte of rome dyd hym honour & reuerence

A And shall this be the pces of the play
B Eye so I understonde be credible informacyon
A By my fayth but yf it be cuyn as ye say
I wyll aduyse them to change that cõclusion
what wyll they afferme that a charles son
Sholde be more noble than a gentilman born
May be ware for men wyll haue therof grete scorn
It may not be spoken in no maner of ease
B Eyes suche cõsyderacions may be layde
That euery resonable man in this place
wyll holde hym therin right well apayde
The matter may be so well conuayde
A Let them conuay and cary clene than
Or els he wyll repent that this play began
How be it the matter touchith me neuer a dell
For I am nether of vertue excellent
Nor yet of gentyl blode this I know well
But I speke it onely for this entent
I wolde not that any man sholde be shent
And yet there can no man blame vs two
For why in this matter we haue nought to do
B Ewe no god wott no thing at all
Saue that we come to see this play
As farre as we may by the leue of the marshall

I loue to beholde suche myrthes alway
For y haue sene by fore this day
Of suche maner thingis in many a gode place
Both gode examples and right honest solace
This play in like wyse I am sure
Is made for the same entent ad purpose
To do euery man both myrth and pleasure
wherfor I can not think or suppose
That they wyll ony worde therin disclose
But suche as shall stond with treuth and reason
In godely maner according to the season
A Eye but trouth may not be sayde alway
For somtyme it causith gruge & despite
B Eye goth the worlde so now a day
That a man must say the crow is white
A Eye that he must be god all myght
He must both lye and flater now and than
That castith hym to dwell amonge worldly men
In some courtis such men shall most wyn
B Eye but as for the parisiih where I abide
Suche flaterye is abhorride as dedly syn
And specially lyars be sett a syde
As sone as they may with the faute be spied
For euery man that fauoreth and loueth vertue
wyll suche maner of folke vtterly eschewe
wherfor I can thinke these folke wyll not spare
After playne trouth this matier to procede
As the story seyth why shulde they care
I trow here is no man of the kyn or sede
Of either partie/for why they were bore
In the cytie of Rome as I sayd before
Therfor leue all this doutfull question
And prayse at the parting euyn as ye synde

A — Cyes be ye sure whan thei haue all done
I wyll not spare to shew you my mynd
Praise who wyll or dispraise I will not be behynd
I wyll gest theron what so euer shalbe fall
If I can fynd any man to gest withall.
B Dees no moo wordes for now they come
The plears bene euyn here at hand.
A So thei be so selp me god & halydome
I pray you tell me where I shall stand.
B Mary stand euyn here by me I warand
Geue rome there syrs for god a bowe
Thei wold cum in if thei myght for you.
A Cye but I pray the what calt tell me this
who is he that now comyth yn.
B Mary it is fulgence the senatour.
A Cye is: what the father of the forseide virgyn.
B Cye forseth he shall this matere begyn.
A And wher is feyr doughter lucrece.
B She comyth anon I say hold thy pece.
Intrat fulgens dicens.
Euerlastyng ioy with honoure and praise.
Be vn to our most drad lord & sauyour
whiche doth. vs help & cõfort many ways
Not lefyng vs destitute of his ayde & socour
But lettith his son shyne ou the riche & poore
And of his grace is euer indifferent
All be yt he diuersely cõmytteth his talent.

To some he lendith the spirete of pphecy.
To some the plenty of tonges elo quence
To some grete wisdome & worldly policy
To some litterature and speculatyf science
To some he geueth the grace of pẽmynence
In honour and degre and to some abundance

Of treſoure riches and grete inheritaunce.

¶ Euery man oweth to take gode hede
Of this diſtribution for who ſo doth take
The larger benefite he hath the more nede
The larger recompenſe and thank therfor to make
I ſpede theſe wordes onely for myne owne ſake
And for non other pſon for I know well
That I am therin chargid as I ſhall you tell

When I conſider and call to my remēbraunce
The pſperous lyfe that I haue all wey
Hyderto endured with oute any greuaunce
Of wordly aduerſitie well may I ſey
And thynke that I am bound to yeld and pay
Grete prayſe and thankes to the hye kynge
Of whom pcedith and growith euery gode thing

And certes if I wold not praiſe of boſte
The benefyte that he hath done vnto me
Yet is it well know of leſt and moſt
Thrugh oute all rome hemperiall cyte
What place in the cenate & honorable degre
I occuppe and how I demean me in the ſame
All this can they tell that knowith but my name

To ſpeke of plenty and grete abundaunce
Of wordly riches ther vnto belongyng
Houſes of pleaſure and grete inheritaunce
With riche apparell and euery other thing
That to a worthy man ſhold be according
I am & euer haue be in metely gode caſe

For the whiche I thank all mighty god of his grace

Than haue I a wyfe of gode condicyon
And right cõformable to myn entent
In euery thing that is to be done
And how be it that god hath me not sent
An hayr male whiche were conuenient
My name to cõtinew and it to repeyre
yet am I not vtterly destitute of an heyre

For I haue a doughter in whom I delight
As for the chefe comfort of myn olde age
And surely my seyd doughter lucres doth hight
Men seyth she is as lyke me in visage
As though she were euyn myn owne yuage
For the whiche cause nature doth me force a bynde
The more to fauour and loue here in my mynde
But yet to the principall and grettist occasion
That makyth me to loue her as I do
Is this whiche I speke not of affection
But euyn as the treuth mouith me ther to
Nature hath wrought in my lucres so
That to speke of beaute and clere vnderstanding
I can not thinke in here what shold be lakking

And besides all that yet a gretter thing
whiche is not oft sene in so yong a damesell
She is so discrete and sad in all demeanyng
And therto full of honest and verteous counsell
Of here owne mynd that wonder is to tell
The giftes of nature and of especiall grace

Am not I gretly bound in this case
To god as I reherslid you bifore
I were to voyd of all resou and grace
Ik I wold not serue and prayse hym therfore
with due loue & drede he askyth no more
As far as he will me grace ther to send
The rest of my lif ther in will I spend
Albe yt that I must partely nitend
To:repromoryon of my doughter lucres
To some metely mariage ellis god defend
She is my chief iewell and riches
My comfort agayn all care & heuynes

And also she is now of gode & ripe age
To be amānes fere by wey of mariage
wherfor if I might see or I dye
That she were bestowid sumwhat accordyng
Then were my mynd dischargid vtterly
Of euery grete cure to me belongyng
It was the chief cause of my hider cūmyng
To haue a cōmunication in this same matere
with on Cornelij cam ther non suche here

Intrat publius Cornelius dicens.

cor. Yes now am I come here at the last
I haue taried long I cry you mercy.
ful. Nay no offence ther is no waste
Nor losse of tyme yet hardely
For this is the oure that ye and I
Apoyntid here to mete this other day
Now shew me your mynd lete me here what ye say.
cor. Than wyll I leue supfluite awey
For why ye know al redy my mīde in substace.
ful. I what not whether I do ye or nay
cor. Why is it now oute of your remēbraunce

That my desire is to honour & aduaunce
your doughter lucres if she will agree
That I so porre a man her husbonde shuld be.
ful. Ye nede not syr to vse these wordis to me
For non in this cyte knowith better than I
Of what grete birth or substaunce ye be
My doughter lucres is full vnworthy
Of birth & goodis to loke so hye
Sauyng that happily her gode cõdicyon
May her enable to suche a promocyon

But if this be youre mynde and suche intent
why do ye not laboure to her therfore
For me semyth it were ryght expedient
That we know therin her mynde before
Or euer we shold cõmune therof any more
For if she wold to your mynde apply
No man shalbe so glad therof as I
cor. Suppose ye that I dyde not so begyn
To gete fyrste her fauoure yes truste me well.
ful. And what comfort wolde she gyue you therin
cor. By my feyth no grete comfort to tell
Saue that she abideth to haue youre counsell
For as she seyth she will no thing.
In suche mater to do with oute your counsell

For other wyse than ye shalbe contente
And therupon it was my mynde & desire
To speke with you of her for the same intent
your gode will in this behalfe to requyre
For I am so brent in loues fyre
That no thing may my payne aslake
withoute that ye wyll my cure vndertake

tul. Syr I shall do you the comfort that I can
As far as she wil be aduised by me
How be it certeynly I am not the man
That wyll take from her the liberte
Of her owne choice that may not be
But when I speke with her I shall her aduyse
To loue you before other in all godely wyse
cor. I thanke you syr with all myn harte
And I pray you do it with oute delay
ful. As sone as I shall fro you departe
I wyll her mynde therin assay
Ful. For I shall think that euery howre is twayne
Till I may speke with you agayne
cor. Now a wise felow that had sumwhat a brayne
And of suche thingis had experience
Such one wolde I with me retayne
To gyue me counseile and assistence
For I will spare no cost or expence
Nor yet refuse ony laboure or payne
The loue of fayre lucres therby to attayne
So many gode felowes as byn in this hall
And is ther non syrs among you all
That wyll enterprise this gere
Some of you can do it if ye lust
But if ye wyl not than I must
Go seche a man ellis where
Et exeat. Deinde loquit B
B Now haue I spied a mete office for me
For I wyl be of counsell and I may
with yonder man
A Pece let be
Be god thou wyll distroy all the play

B Distroy the play quod a nay nay
The play began neuer till now
I wyll be doyng I make god auow
For there is not in this hondred myle
A feter bawde than I am one
A And what shall I do in the meane while
B Mary thou shalt com in anone
with a nother pageant
A Who I
B Ye by saynt Johan
A What I neuer vsde suche thing before
B But folow my counsell and do no more
Loke that thou abide here still
And I shall vndertake for to fulfyll
All his mynde with outen delay
And whether I do so ye or nay
At the lest well dare I vndertake
The mariage vtterly to mare or to make
If he and I make any bargeyn
So that I must gyue hym attendaunce
when thou seest me com in ageyn
Stond euyn still and kepe thy contenaunce
For when Gayus flampneus compth in
Than must thou thy pageaunt begyn
A Shall ony profyt grow therby
B Hold thy pece speke not so hye
Leste any man of this cōpany
Know oure purpose openly
And breke all oure daunce
For I assure the feithfully
If thou quyte the as well as I
This gere shall vs both auaunce

Treat.

Nay then let me alone hardely
yf ony aduauntage honge therby
I can my selfe there to apply
By helpe of gode counsell
This felowe and I be maysterles
And lyue moste parte in ydelnes
There fore some maner of besenes
wolde become vs both well
At the leste wyse. it is mery beynge
with men in tyme of woynge
For all that whyle they do no thynge
But daunce and make reuell
Synge and laugh with greate shoutynge
Fyll in wyne with reuell routynge
I trowe it be a ioyfull thinge
Amonge suche folke to dwell

Intrat fulgeus lucres & ancilla & dicat.

Doughter Lucres ye knowe well ynough
what study and care I haue for youre pmocyon
And what fatherly loue I bere to you
So that I thynke in myne oppynyon
It were tyme loste and wastfull occupacyon
This matter to reherse or tell you ony more
Syth ye it best knowe/as I sayde before

But the specyall cause that I speke fore
Is touchynge youre mariage as ye knowe well
Many folke there be that desyreth fore
And laboureth in that behalue with you to mell
ye knowe what is for you ye nede no counsell
Howe so be it. yf ye lyste my counseyle to requyre
I shall be glad to satysfye there in youre desyre

lu. ¶ Trought it is fader that I am bounde
As moche vnto you as ony chylde may be
Unto the fader lyuynge on the grounde
And where it pleaseth you to gyue vnto me
Myne owne fre choyse and my lyberte
It is the thynge that pleaseth me well
Sith I shall haue there in youre counsell

¶ And nowe accordynge to this same purpose
What thynke ye best for me to do
Ye knowe ryghte well as I suppose
That many folke doth me greatly woo
Amonge the whiche there be specyally two
In whome as I trowe and so do ye
The choyce of this matter must fynally be

¶ In that poynt your mynde & myne dothe agree
But yet ryght now er I came here
For publius cornelius ye adupsed me
As touchinge ye wolde haue me only reste there
Yf that be youre mynde I shall gladly forbere
All other and only to hym assente
To haue me in wedlocke at his cõmaũdemente

ful. Naye doughter lucres not so I mente
For though I dyde somwhat to hym enclyne
Yet for all that it is not myne entente
That ye shulde so there vpon vtterly diffyne
But loke whom ye wyll on godys blessing & myne
For truste ye me verely it is all one to me
whether gayus flamyneus wedde you or els he

lu. ¶ Than syth I haue so greate lyberte
And so gode choyce I were vnfortunable
And also to vnwyse yf I wolde not see

That I had hym whiche is moste honorable
wherfore may it lyke you to be agreable
That I may haue respyte to make inquisycyon
whiche of this two men is better of condicyon

ful. ¶ I holde me cõtent that shall be well done
It may be respyted for a day or twayne
But in the meane tyme vse this prouysyon
Se that ye indyfferently them both entertayne
Tyll that youre mynde be sett at a certayne
where ye shall rest now/can ye do so

lu. ¶ At the leste my gode wyll shall I put there to

ful. ¶ Than syth I haue bysynes at whome for to do
I wyll go thetherwarde as fast as I may

lu. ¶ Is it youre pleasure that I shall with you go

ful. ¶ Nay I had leuer that ye went your way
Aboute this matter.

¶ Et exeat.

lu. ¶ well god be with you than
I shall do there in the best that I can

¶ Et fctã aliqua pausatiõe dicat lucres

lu. ¶ I wyll not dysclaunder nor blame no man
But neuer theleſſe by that I here saye
Yore maydens be dissayued now and than
So greate dyssemblynge now a daye
There is conuayed vnder wordes gaye
That if

¶ Ancilla.

¶ Peace lady ye must forbere

an. Se ye not who cometh here

¶ Who is it wot ye ere

lu. ¶ It is gayus flamyneus parde

an. He that wolde your husbonde be

¶ Ey gode lorde how wyste he

lu. For to fynde me here

¶ Intrat gaius flam.

Gaius ¶ Yes gode lady where so euer ye go
He that lysteth to do his dylygence
In suche manere wyse as I haue do
At the laste he may come to youre presence
For who so euer oweth obedyence
Unto loue / he hath greate nede
To attendaunce if he wyll spede

Iu. ¶ Syr ye be welcome what is your mynde

Ga. ¶ why fayre lucres is that your gyse
To be so straunge and so vnkynde
To hym that owith you louyng seruyce
I trow I haue tolde you twyse or thryse
That myn desyre is to mary with you
Haue ye not herde this matter or now

Iu. ¶ Yes in veray trouth I haue herde you say
Att dyuerse tymes that ye bare me affeccyon
To suche an intent I say not nay

Ga. ¶ what nede ye than to aske the question
what I wolde with you at this season
Me semyth ye sholde therin doubt no more
Sith ye know well myn erande before
I wys your strangnes greueth me fore
But not withstonding now wyll I sece
And at this tyme I wyll chide no more
Lest I geue you cause of heuynes
I cam hyder onely for youre sake doubtles
To glade you & please you in all that I can
And not for to chyde with you as I began
For thynke it in your mynde I am the man
That wolde you please in all that I may
And to that purpose I wyll do what I can
Though ye forbyde it and say therin nay
In that poynt onely I wyll you disobay

My hart shall ye haue in all godely wise
whether ye me take or vtterly dispise
¶ And to say that I will folow the gise
Of wanton louers now aday
whiche doth many flatering wordis deuise
with gyftis of ringis and broches gay
Theyr lemans hartis for to betray
ye must haue me therin excusid
For it is the thing that I neuer vsid
¶ Therfore I will be short and playne
And I pray you hartely feyre lucres
That ye wyll be so to me agayne
ye know well I haue made labour and besynes
And also desyrid you by wordis expresse
That ye wold vouche saue in your harte
To be my wife till deth vs departe
¶ Lo this is the mater that I come fore
To know therin your mynde and plesoure
whether ye sett by me ony store
To theffect of my leyd desire
And nothing ellis I wyll require
But that I may haue a playne ye or nay
whereto I may trust with oute delay
lu. ¶ Me thinketh that by that ye say
ye force not what myne answere be.
ga. ¶ I wyll ye take it that way
By lady I ment not so yde
Thaffirmatyfe were most lefe to me
For as ye your self knowith best
That was and is my principall request
But ye may say I am a homely gest
On a gentilman so hastely to call
lu. ¶ Nay nay syr that guyse is best

ye can not displeyse me with all
And accordyng to your desire I shall
Euyn as sone as I godely may
Answere you therin with oute delay
How be it/it can not be done strait way
If I myght gett a realme therby
Fyrst wyll I my faders mynde assay
whether he wyll ther vnto applye
For if he like you aswell as I
ga. Cyour mynde in this behalf shalbe sone easid
If my seyd fader can be content & pleysid
Gramercy myne owne swete lucres
Of you desire can I no more at all
Saue onely that ye do your besynes
wpon youre fader besily to call
So that what so euer shal be fall
with in few days I may verily know
To what effect this mater shal grow
lu. Cye shall know by to morow nyght
what my fader wyll sey therto
ga. CThan shall ye make myne harte full light
If it pleyse you so to do
lu. Cyes doubt ye not it shal be so
And for that cause I wyll euen now depte
Ga. CNow fare well than myne owne swete harte
CEt exeat Lucres. deinde A. accedēs
ad Gaynum fla. & dicat ei sic.
A CSyr ye seme a man of grete honoure
And that moueth me to be so bolde
I rede you aduēture not ouer moche laboure
wpon this woman leste ye take colde
I tell you the mater is bought and solde
withoute ye take the better hede

For all thyse fayre wordes ye shall not spede
Ga. ¶ Thynkest thou so in very dede
A ¶ Ye so helpe me god and I shall tell you why
Syr ryght now this way as I yede
This gentylwoman cam euen by
And a fresshe galant in her company
As god wolde nere them I stalked
And herde euery worde that they talked
Ga. ¶ But spake they ony worde of me
A ¶ Nay nay ye were no thinge in her thoughte
They were as besy as they myghte be
Aboute suche a matter as ye haue wroughte
And by god that me dere boughte
Loke what answer that ye now haue
Euen the same wordes to hym she gaue
I wys syr I am but a pore knaue
But yet I wolde take on me a greate payne
youre honeste in this matter to saue
Though it be vnto me no profyte nor gayne
But there fore I speke & haue dysdayne
To se in a woman of suche dyssemblaunce
Towarde a gentylman of youre substanuce
Ga. ¶ Why hast thou of me ony acquentaunce
A ¶ Ye syr and some tyme ye knewe me
Though it be now oute of youre remembraunce
Ga. ¶ By my fayth it may well be
But neuer the lesse I thanke the
Me semeth thou woldest that all were well
Betwyxte me and yonder fayre damesell
A ¶ Ye by god I wolde fyghte in the quarell
Rather than ye sholde lese youre entete
Ga. ¶ I praye the felowe where doste thou dwell
A By my fayth I am now at myn owne cõmaũdemẽt

I lacke a mayster and that I me repente
To serue you and please I wolde be fayne
yf it myght lyke you me to retayne
And of one thynge I wyll a certayne
I doubte not I shall do you better stede
Towarde this maryage than some other twayne
And yf I do not let me be dede

Ga (Well than wyll I do by thy rede
And in my seruyce thou shalt be
yf thou canst fynde me any surete

A (Yes I can haue sureties plente
For my trouth with in this place
Here is a gentilman that wolde truste me
For a sinoche gode as he hase

Ga. (Ye and that is but litle pease

A (By my fayth go where he shall
It is as honest a man as ony in the reall
I haue no more acqueyntaunce with in this hall
If I wolde ony frendis assay
By god here is one best of all
I trow he wyll not say me nay
For he hath knowen me many aday
Syr wyll not ye for my trouth wndertake

B (Wyes for god els I wolde I were bake
Syr my maister wyll ye beleue me
I dare trust hym for all that I can make
yf ye fynde me sufficient surete
As for his trouth doubt not ye
I neuer coude by hym any thing espie
But that he was as true a man as I
He and I dwelled many a feyre day
In one scole and yet I wot well
From thens he bare neuer away

The worth of an halfe peny that I can tell
Therfore he is able with you to dwell
As for his trought that dare I well saye
Hardely truste hym there in ye maye
Ga. Upon youre worde I shall assaye
Ga. ¶ And syr after thi gode deseruynge
So shall I thy wagys pay
But now to remembre one thinge
Ye thought thou saydist at the begynnynge
That lucres fauoreth better than me
A nother louer what man is he
A ¶ Cornelius I wene his name sholde be
Ga. ¶ A then I knowe him well by the rode
There is not with in all this cyte
A man borne of a better blode
But yet lucres hath a wytt so gode
That as I thynke she wyll before see
whether his cōdicyons therto agree
And if they do not fare well he
But therin I haue nought a do
Ye shall not be dispraysid for me
with oute that I be cōpellid therto
I can not let hym for to woo
A woman beyng at her owne liberte
For why it is as fre for hym as for me
I wyll forbere neuer the more
Tyll I knowe what shall be the ende
Go thy waye vnto lucres therfore
And hertly me vnto her recōmende
Prayng her that she wyll me sende
A redy answere of that thing
That she pmised me at her departing
A ¶ Mary I syall without any tarying

I knowe myne erand well I now
ye shall se me apoynte a metynge
where she agayne shall speke wyth you
Ga. ¶ Than shall I thy wyt alowe
yf thou can bryngе that aboute
A ¶ Yes that I shall do haue ye no doubte
¶ Et exeat gaius flam. et dicat B.
B ¶ Now by my trought I wolde not haue thoughte
That thou haddest bene halfe so wyse
For thou hast this matter featly wrought
And conuayed it poynt deuyse
To bryngе thy selfe to suche a seruyce
I se well thou hast some wytt in thy hede
A ¶ Ye a lytell but hast thou spede
B ¶ Euen lyke wyse haue thou no drede
I haue goten a maister for my prowe
I neuer thryuede as I shall do now
A ¶ No whiche way
B ¶ I shall tell the how
It is no maystry to thryue at all
Under a man that is so liberall
Ther is now late vnto hym fall
So grete goodis by inheritaunce
That he wote neuer what to do with all
But lastheth it forth daily estaunce
That he had no dayly remēbraunce
Of tyme to come nor makyth no store
For he carith not whiche ende goth before
And by oure lady I cōmende hym the more
Why sholde he those goodis spare
Sith he laborede neuer therfore
Nay and euery man sholde care
For goodis & specially suche as are

c.i.

Of gentil blode it were grete syn
For all liberalite in them sholde begyn
Many a poore man therby doth wyn
The chef substaunsi of his lyuing
My maister were worthy to be a kyng
For liberall expensis in all his deling
I trow thou shalt se hym com yn
Lyke a rutter somwhat according
In all apparell to hym belongyng
How moche payeth he as ye suppose
For the makyng of a peyre of his hose
A Mary.xii.d. were a feyre thing
B Tye by the rode.xx.tymes tolde
That is euyn.xx.shelyngs for the makyng
A It can not be so with oute a man wolde
Make them all with sylke and golde
B Nay by yes non erthly thing
But euyn the bare cloth and the lynynge
Saue onely that ther is in cuttinge
A new maner of fascyon now a day
Be cause they sholde be som what straunge
They moste be strypide all this way
with small slypes of coloures gay
A cod pece be fore all most thus large
And therin restith the gretist charge
To speke of gowns and that gode chaunge
Of them he hath store and plenty
And that the fascyons be new and straunge
For non of them passith the mydde thy
And yet he puttyth in a gown cõmunely
How many brode yardis as ye gesse
A Mary.ii.or.iii.
B Nay.vii.and no lesse

A ¶By my trouth that is lyke a lye
B ¶But it is as true as ye stond there
And I shall tell you a reson why
All that doth that fascyon were
They haue whingis behynd redy to flye
And a sleue that wolde couer all the body
Than.xl.playtis as I think in my mynde
They haue before and as many behynde
A ¶Well as for gentilmen it is full kynde
To haue theyr plesyrs that may well paye
B ¶Ye but than this grugeth my mynde
A gentyl man shall not were it a daye
But euery man wyll hym self a raye
Of the same fascyon euen by and by
On the morow after
A ¶Nay that I defy
But then I maruell gretly why
you are not garnysshyd after that gyse
B ¶There is neuer a knaue in the house saue I
But his gowne is made in the same wyse
And for by cause I am new come to seruyce
I must for a whyle be content
To were stylle myn olde garment
E ¶Ye but a byde to what intent
Doth thy mayster take in honde
To make hym so moche costely rayment
B ¶Mary that is esy to vnderstonde
All is done for lucres sake
To wedde her he doth his rekenynge make
A ¶I put case that she do hym for sake
So that she be my maysters wyf
B ¶By my fayth then I say it wyll make
Many a man to lose his lyf

For therof wyll ryse a gret stryf
A ¶ Mary I pray god send vs pes
B ¶ Be my fayth it wyll be no lesse
yf my master haue not lucres
A ¶ I can no more god sped the ryght
Lo thes folke wyll strye & fyght
For this womans sake
And whan thay haue done ther vttyr mest
I wene verply he shall sped best
That must her for sake
He is well at ease that hath a wyf
yet he is better that hath none be my lyf
But he ꝑ hath a good wyf & wyll for sake her
I pray god the deuyll take her:
B ¶ Now in gode fayth thou art a made knaue
I se well thou hast wedyd a shrew
A ¶ The deuyll I haue
Nay I haue marryed ii. or iii.
Syth the tyme that I her lost
B ¶ And kepist thou them all styll with the
A ¶ Nay that wolde not quyte the cost
To say the trouth thay fond me most
B ¶ Than thay haue some maner gettynge
By some occupacione haue thay
A ¶ Syr thay haue a prety waye
The chef meane of ther leuynge
Is lechery/lech crafte I wolde say
where in thay labore nyght & day
And ease many a man in some case
B ¶ And where do thay dwell
A Att the cõmen place
There thou mayst them all fynde
Goddis mercy where is my mynde

By god I shall be shent
I shold haue gone to lucres
A bowte my maysters bespnes
Thether warde I was bent
B By my fayth my mayster is there
All the whyle that thou arte here
As I veryly suppose
A I shrow thy face by saynt mary
with thy chaterynge thou doyst me tary
Euyn for the same purpose
B I say whan thou hast with lucres spoken
I pray the wyll thou delyuer me a token
In myne name to her mayde
A May ye muste be ware of that gere
For I haue bene afore you there
B Cwhy hast thou hyr assayed
K — ye ye that matyr ys sped full
I may haue her and she wull
That comfort she me gaue
B And hast thou no noder comfort att all
I truste to god than yet I shall
All this matyr saue
How be it I wyll not the matter begyn
withoute I were sure she were a virgyn
A By my trought this comfort shall I putt the in
I cam neuer on her backe in the way of synne
A voyde the place A.
B Than all is well a syne
yf the matter be in that case
I trust that with in a lytyll space
That wenche shall be myne
I tell you it is a trull of trust
All to quenche a mannes thrust

Bettyr then ony wyne
It is a lytyll pratty moucet
And her voyce is as doucett
And as swete as resty porke
Her face is some what browne and yelow
But for all that she hath no felow
In syngynge hens to porke
But the worst that greuyth me
She hath no layser nor lybarte
For an howre or twayne
To be owte of her maystres syght
I wachyde for her this odyr nyght
But all was in vayne
How be it I thinke that at the laste
¶ Come in the maydyn
I shall come with in two stonys caste
Of her I aske no more
And yf I do so then my mate
Shall haue no lust ther in to prate
As he dyde be fore
Cockis body here she is
Now wellcome by heuyn blys
an. The last that was in my thought
¶ Tusshe I pray you let me go
I haue some what els to do
For this howre I haue soughte
A man that I sholde speke with all
Fro my maystres
B ¶ what do you hym call
an. ¶ Mayster gaius or his man
B ¶ Am not I he that ye wolde haue
an. ¶ No no I wolde haue an other knaue
B ¶ why am I a knaue than

an. ¶ May I sayd not so perde
But where trow ye these folkis be
B ¶ I can not veryly say
His man went euyn now frome me
And I maruell gretly that ye
met hym not by the way
For he is gone to speke with lucres
Frō his maystyr
an. ¶ what with my maystres nay
B ¶ ye so I harde hym say
an. ¶ Goddis mercy and I was sent
Euyn hedyr for the same intent
To bryngе an answere
Of the erande that he is gone fore
where fore now ther is no more
But I must go seche hym there
B ¶ May tary here a whyle gentyll Jone
For he wyll come hedyr a none
an. ¶ Tary why shold I so
B ¶ Mary to laugh aud talke with me
an. ¶ May loke where suche gyglottis be
For I am none of them I warne the
That vse so to do
B ¶ I mene no thinge but good & honest
And for your wele and you lyst
To assent ther vnto
an. ¶ For my wele ꝯ a/how may that be
That is a thinge that I can not se
B ¶ Mary this lo is myne entent
I mene yf ye wolde be content
Or onv wyse agree
For to be my sacrament of penaunce
Ey god gyue it a very very vengeaunce

Of wedlocke I wolde haue sayde
an. ¶ Tush by seynt Jame ye do but mocke
To speke to me of ony wedlocke
And I so yonge a mayde
B ¶ why are ye a mayde
an. ¶ ye ellis I were to blame
B ¶ where by wote ye
an. ¶ Mary for I ame
B ¶ A that is a thinge
Here ye not syrs what she sayth
So resonable a cause there to she layth
an. ¶ A straw for your mockynge
Haue ye none to mocke but me
B ¶ Mocke nay so mote I the
I mene euyne gode ernest
Geue me your honde and you shall se
what I wyll pmes you
an. ¶ That way were not best for my prow
wold ye hondefast me forth with all
Nay be the roode fyrst ye shall
Chepe or euer you by
we must fyrst of the price a gre
For who some euer shall haue me
I pmes you faytfully
He shall me fyrst assure
Of..xx.li.londe in iouncture
B ¶ why are ye so costely
Nay nay then ye be not for me
As prety a woman as ye be
I can some tyme by
For moche les wagis and hyre
As for the season that I desyre
To haue hyr in company

There fore yf ye can fynde in youre harte
To leue all ſucche Joynter aparte
And take me as I am
I ſhall do you as greate a pleaſure
And therto I wyll loue you oute of meſure
Els I were to blame
an. Cye but oure houſholde ſhall be full ſmall
But yf we haue ſome what els with all
Oure charges for to bere
B Cye god ſende vs mery wether
I may not wed and thryue all to gether
I loke not for that gere
I ſhall tell yo ua maruelous caſe
I knewe twayne marryed in a place
Dwellyng to gether in one houſe
And I am ſure they were not worth a louſe
At the begynnynge
And or euer the yere were do
They were worth an hondred or two
an. CThat was a maruelous thynge
But yet I can tell the a gretter maruayle
And I knewe the pſons ryght well
Syr I knewe two certayne
That when they were wedded they had in ſtore
Scarce halfe a bed and no more
That was worth an hawe
And within a yere or twayne
They had ſo greate encreaſe and gayne
That at the laſt they were fayne
To ſhoue theyre hedes in the ſtrawe
B CTuſſhe ye do but mocke and rayle
And I promeſſe you withouten fayle
yf ye lyſte to haue me

I woot where is an.c.l.in stoze
And I ow neuer a grot ther foze
an. ¶All that may be
I beleue hyt euyn as ye say
But ye tary me here all day
I pray you let me goo
And foz my mariage that is a thing
In the wyche I purpose to geue a sparyng
Foz a yere oz two
B ¶A yere oz.ii.ꝗ a.nay god fozbede
I wis hyt had be tyme foze you to wedde
vii.oz.viii.yere a goo
And ye wyll how mery a lyke
Hyt is to be a wedded wyk
ye wold chaunge that mynde
an. ¶ye so hyt is as I vnderstonde
If a woman haue a gode husbonde
But that ys herd to fynde
Many a man blamyth his wyk parde
And she is moze to blame than he
B ¶As true as the gospell now say ye
But now tell me one thing
Shall I haue none other answere but this
Of my desyre
an. ¶No syr I wys
Not at this metyng
B ¶wyll ye now nede be a goo than
an. ¶Take your leue honestly
¶Et conabitur eam osculari
an. He the man
Let me a lone with Sozowe
B ¶Mary so be hyt but one wozde
I wyll kys the oz thou goo
an. ¶The deuyllis tozde

The man is madde I trowe
So madde I am that nedis I must
As in this poynt haue my lust
How so euer I doo
Warde ye may do me that request
For why it is but good and honest

Et osculabit. Intrat A.

A Now a felychip I the be seche
Set euen suche a patche one my breche
B I wyld feyre therone
an. Goddis merry this is he
That I haue sought so
A Haue ye sought me
an. Ye that haue I do
This gentylman can wytnes here
That all this owre I haue stonde here
Sechyng euen for you
A Haue ye two be to geder so longe
an. Ye why not
A Mary then all is wrong
I fere me so now
B Nay nay here be to many wytnes
For to make ony syche besynes
As thou wenest hardely
an. Why what is the mannes thought
Suppose ye that I wolde be nowght
yf no man were by
B Nay for god y ment not so
But I wolde no man sholde haue to do
with you but onely I
an. Haue to do ꝓ a. what call ye that.
Hyt sowndyth to a thing I wote ner what

Hey godes mercy
I se well a man must be warre
How he spekyth ther as ye ar
ye take it so straungely
Nay I mene nothyng but well
For by my wyll no man shall dele
with you in way of maryage
But onely I this wyse I ment
an. Tye but though it were youre entent
yet ye do but rage
To vse suche wordes vn to me
For I am yet at my lyberte
A Tye that I know well
But neuer the lesse sythen I be gane
To loue you longe be fore this man
I haue veray greate meruell
That euer ye wolde his mynde fulfyll
To stonde and talke with hym styll
So long as ye haue do
B- Be fore me q a nay I make a vowe
I meuyde this matter long by fore you
How sey ye ther to
an. I wyll no thinge in the matter say
Lest I cause you to make a fray
For there of I wolde be lothe
A By cokkes body butt who so euer it be
That weddythe her by sydes me
I shall make hym wrothe
B Tye but he that is so hasty at euery worde
For amedsyn must ete his wpues torde
an. Holde your tongis there I say
For and ye make this warke for me
ye shall bothe dyspoyntyd be

As fare as I may
A By my trouthe but marke me well
yf euer thou with this man dwell
As a woman with here make
Thou shalt fynde hym the most froward man
That euer thou sawiste sythe the worlde by gan
For I dare vndertake
That.xl.tymes on a day
with oute ony cause he wyll the afray
And bete the bake and syde
an. Che shall not nede so to do
For he shall haue.xl.causes &.xl.too
yf I with hym a byde
A Mary that ys a remedy accordynge
But I can tell the an other thynge
And it is no lye
Tho w maist well be hys weddyd wyf
But he wyll neuer loue the in his lyf
an. Cyet I know a remedy
A Howso.
an. Mary I wyll loue hym as lytyll a gayne
For euery shrewed turne he shall haue twayne
And he were my brother
B I wys I one he spekythe but of males
There ys no man hens to cales
who so euer be the tother
That can hym selfe better applye
To please a woman better then I
an. Cye so I harde you say
But yet be ye neuer so wrothe
There ys neuer one of you bothe
For all youre wordes gay
That shalbe assured of me

Tyll I may fyrst here and se
what ye bothe can do
And he that can do most maystry
Be it in cokery or in pastry
In fettis of warre or dedys of cheualry
with hym wyll I go
A By my trowthe that lykythe me well
Ther is no maystry that a man can tell
But I am mete there to
where for that wagere I dare well vndertake
Lett me se wylt thou go copt for thy ladis sake
Or what thyng shall we do
B May yf thou wylt her with maystry wynne
with boyes game thou mayst not be gyn
That is not her intent
A What is best that we do than
B Mary canst thou syng
A Ye that I can
As well as ony man in kent
B What maner of song shall it be
A What so euer thou wylt chose the
I holde me well content
And yf I mete the not at the close
Hardely let me the wager lose
By her owne iugement
Go to now wyll ye set in
B May be the rode ye shall begyn
A By seynt Jame I assent
A byde I one ye can gode skyll
And if ye wolde the song fulfyll
with a thyrd parte
It wolde do ryght well in my mynde
an. Synge on hardely. and I wyll not be behynde

I pray the with all my hert.

Et tunc cantabunt.

B I am so whorse it wyll not be
A Horse & a.nay so mot I the
That was not the thynge
And a man sholde the trowth saye
ye lost a crochet or.ii.by the waye
To myne vnderstondynge
B Why was I a mynyme before
A Tye be the rode that ye were & more
B Then were ye a mynyme behynde
Let me se yet syng a gayne
And marke whyche of vs twayne
Plesyth best your mynde
an. Nay nay ye shall this matter try
By some other maner of mastry
Than by your syngynge
B Let hym assay what mastry he wull
A Mary and my bely were not so full
I wolde wrestell with hym a fayre pull
That were a game accordynge
For suche valyaunt men as we be
B I syrew thyn hert and thou spare me

Et deinde luctabuntur.

an. Nay by my fayth that was no fall
B A than I se well ye be parcyall.
whan ye iuge so
well I shall do more for your loue
Euyn here I cast to hym my gloue
Or euer I hens goo
On the condycion that in the playne fylde
I shall mete hym with spere and shelde
My lyf theron to Jeoparde

Let me se and he dare take hyt
Tunc pticiet cirothecam.
A Yes hardely I wyll not forsake hyt
I am not suche a coward
But I dare mete the at all assays
whan shall hyt be do
B Enyn streyght ways
withoute furthere delay
And I shrewe his hert that feris
Eyther with cronall or sharpe speris
This bargyn to assay
A And I beshrewe hym for me
But a byde now let me se
where shall I haue a hors
B Nay we shall nede no horse ne mule
But let vs Just at farte pryke in cule
A Be seynt iame no forse
Euyn so be it/but where is oure gere
B By my fayth all thing is redy
That belongethe ther to
Comforthe ye flowre of the frying pane
Helpe ye to a ray vs as well as ye can
And how so euer ye do
Se that ye iuge indifferently
whiche of vs twayne hathe the mastry
an. Yes hardely that I shall
I shall iuge after my mynde
But see ye hold fast behynd
Lest ye troble vs in all
B Tushe that is the lest care of.xv.
And yf I do not on my game be yt sene
Go to/bynd me fyrst hardely
So lo now geue me my spere
And put me astaffe thorow here

Than am I all redy

A ¶ A byde who shall helpe to harnys me

an. ¶ That shall I do so mott I the
with a ryght gode wyll

A ¶ Soft and fayre myne arme is sore
ye may not bynd me strayt ther fore

an. ¶ Nay no more I wyll
I wyll not hurte the for.xx.pounde
Come of now syt downe on the grounde
Euyn vpon thy tayle

A ¶ Ey gode lorde whan wyll ye haue do

an. ¶ Now all is redy hardely go to
Bydde hym bayle bayle

A ¶ Fall to prayer syrs it is nede
As many of you as wolde me gode spede
For this gere stondyth me vppon

B ¶ Ye and that shall thou fynde or we departe
And yf thou spare me I shrow thy harte
Let me se com on

¶ Et pectus dicat A.

A ¶ Out out a las for payne
Let me haue a pryst or I be slayne
My syn to dysclose

B ¶ And by cause he sayth so/it is nede
For he is not in clene lyfe in dede
I fele it at my nose.for fo.&c.
Now ye ar myne lady

an. ¶ Nay neuer the more

B ¶ No why so

an. ¶ For I am taken vp before

B ¶ Mary I be shrew your hart there fore
It shold better content me
That ye had be taken vp be hynde

an. Nay nay ye vnderstond not my mynde
In that poynt
B ¶ It may well be
But tell me how ment ye then
an. ¶ Mary I am sure to an other man
whose wyfe I intende to be
B ¶ Nay I trow by cockis passyon
ye wyll not mocke vs of that fascyon
ye may not for very shame
an. ¶ Shame or not so shall it be
And by cause that fore the loue of me
ye.ii.haue made this game
It shall not be done all in vayne
For I wyll reward e you bothe twayne
And ellis I were to blame
Some what there by ye must nedis wyn
And therfore to euer yche of you wyll I spyn
A new peyre of breches
Take the that fore thy dole
And by cause he is blacke in the hole
He shall haue as moche
¶ Et vtroq; flagellato recedit ancilla.
A ¶ Oute a las what woman was this
B ¶ It is lucres mayde
A ¶ The deuyll it is
I pray god a vengeance take her
How saist thou shall she be thy wyfe
B ¶ Nay I had leuer she had etyn my knyfe
I vtterly forsake her
¶ Intrat Gaius.
Ga. ¶ How syrs who hath a rayde you thys
A ¶ Fals theuys maister I wys
And all for your quarell

Ga. What and this other man too
A Ye and ye wolde oure hondes vndo
The matter whe shall tell
Ga. Yes mary wyll I now tell on
who hathe you these wrongis done
A Mary that I shall
Cornelyus seruantis whiche is your enmy
Espyed me goyng to ward lucres place
That I conde bryngc the matter to passe
Of that gentylman as your desyre was
They leyd a wayte for me in the way
And so they lefte me in this araye
Ga. Ye but haste thou ony dedely wounde
That is the thinge that keryth my mynde
A I faythe I was lefte for dede on the grounde
And I haue a grete garce here by hynde
Out of the whiche ther cõmythe suche awynde
That yf ye holde a candyll therto
Hyt wyll blowe it oute that wyll hyt do
Ga. Se to hyt be tyme by myne aduyse
Lest the wounde kewster with in
A Then haue I nede of a gode surgyn
For hyt is so depe within the skyn
That ye may put youre nose therin
Euyn vp to the harde eyes
Here is a man that quyt hym aswell
For my defence as euer I see
He toke suche parte that in the quarell
His arme was strykyne of by the harde kne
And yet/he slew of them.ii.or.iii.
Ga. Be they slayne nay god forbyde
A Yes so helpe me god I warande them dede
How be it I stonde in grete drede

That yf euer I come in theyr way
They wyll kyt of his arme or his hede
For so I herde them all.iii.say
Ga. Whiche thay that were slayne
A Lye by this day
what nedyth me therfore to lye
He herd it hym selfe as well as I
Ga. Well then ye lye both two
But now tell me what hast thou do
As touchynge my cõmaundement
That I badde the do to lucres
Spakyst thou with her
A Lye sy dowtles
And this is her mtent
Sche cõmaundyth hyr to you by the same tokyn
That with hyr father sche hath spokyn
Accordynge to your requeste
And so sche wyllythe you to be of gode cyere
Desyrynge you this nyght to appere
Or to morow at the furthest
And sche wyll mete you here in this place
To gyue you A fynall answare in this case
where to ye shall trust
Ga. That is the thing that I desyre
But sayd sche so
A Lye be thys fyre
I tell you verey iuste
In so moche that sche bad me say
And warne you that ye shulde puruay
For your owne besenes
For than it shall determyde be
whether publyus cornelyus or ye
Shall haue the pẽmynence

Ga. ¶All that purpose lykythe me well
But who shall be here more canst thou tell
A ¶Mary here shall be fulgens
And publius cornelius hym selfe also
with dyuerse other many moo
Besyde this honorable audyence
wher fore yf ye wyll youre honour saue
And your intent in this matter haue
It is best that ye go hens
For to study and call to mynde
Suche argumētis as ye can best fynde
And make your selfe all prest
Ga. ¶Thy counsell is gode be it so
And euyn there after wyll I do
For I holde it best
¶Et exeat gaius & A. Intrat B.
B ¶Goddes body syr this was affytt
I be shrew the horys hart yett
when I thinke ther on
And yet the strokys be not so sore
But the shame greuyth me more
Sith that it was done
Be fore so many as here be present
But and I myght take her
By my trowth I shall make her
This dede to repent
A ¶yet thou were as gode holde thy pease
For ther is no remedy doutles
Ther fore lett itt go
It is to vs bothe grete foly and shame
This matter ony more to reherse or name
¶well than be it so
B And yet be cause she hathe made me smart

I trust onys to ryde in her carte
Be it shame or no
I can not suffre it paciently
To be rebuked openly
And to be mockyd also
An other thing greuythe me werst of all
I shal be shent that I shall
Of my mayster too
Be cause I haue ben so long a way
Oute of his presence
A Nay. nay.
I haue harde so muche syth I went hens
That he had lityll mynd to thyn offens
B I pray you tell me why
A For as I brought my mayster on hys way
I harde one of lucres men say
That thy mayster hathe ben
All this houre at her place
And that he his answere hase
This wyse as I mene
She hathe appoynted hym to be here
Sone in the eynyng a boute Suppere
An than he shall haue a fynall answere
what she entendith to do
And so than we shal know here intent
For as I vnderstond she wyll be content
To haue one of them too
But furst she wyll nedis know the certayn
whether is the most noble of them twayne
This she sayeth alway
B Cwhy that is easy to vnderstonde
yf she be so wyse as men bere in honde
A Cye so I hard you say

Let me se now what is your oppynion
whether of them is most noble of condycion
B ¶ That can I tell hardely
He that hathe moste nobles in store
Hym call I the most noble euer more
For he is most sett by
And I am sure cornelyus is able
with his owne goodis to bye a rable
Of suche as gayus is
And ouer that yf noblenes of kynn
May this womans fauour wynn
I am sure he can not mys
A Cye but come hether sone to the ynde of this playe
And thou shalt se wherto all that wyll wey
It shall be for thy lernynge
B Cye cum agayue who wyll for me
For I wyll not be here so mot I the
It is a gentylmãly thinge
That I shulde a wayt and com a gayne
For other mennys causes and take suche payne
I wyll not do it I make god a bowe
why myght not this matter be endyd nowe
A ¶ Mary I shall tell the why
Lucres and her father may not attende
At this seson to make an ende
So I hard them say
And also it is a curteyse gyse
For to respyte the matter this wyse
That the partyes may
In the meane tyme aduyse them well
For eyther of them bothe must tell
And shew the best he can
To force the goodnes of his owne condycion

Bothe by example and gode reason
I wold not for a swan
That thou sholdest be hens at that season
For thou shalt here a reyal disputacyon
Bi twext them or thay haue do
An other thing must be considered with all
These folke that sitt here in the halle
May not attende there too
whe may not with oure long play
Lett them fro theyre dyner all day
Thay haue not fully dyned
For and this play where ones ouere past
Some of them wolde falle to fedyng as fast
As thay had bene almost pyned
But no forse hardely and they do
Usher gete them goode wyne therto
Fyll them of the best
Let it be do or ye wyll be shent
For it is the wyll and cõmaundement
Of the master of the fest
Bnd therfore we shall the matter for here
And make apoynt euyn here
Lest we excede a mesure
And we shall do oure labour & trewe entent
For to play the remenant
At my lordis pleasure

Finis prime partis

¶ Intrat Adicens.

Mache gode do it you euerych one
ye wyll not beleue how fast I haue gone
For fere that I sholde come to late
No force I haue lost but a lytyll swete
That I haue taken vpon this hete
My colde corage to a bate
But now to the matter that I cam fore
ye know the cause therof be fore
your wittis be not so short
Yerde my felowys and I were here
To day whan ye where at dyner
And shewed you a lytyll disport
Of one fulgens and his doughter lucres
And of.ii.men that made grett besynes
Her husbonde for to be
She answered to them bothe than
Loke whiche was the more noble man
To hym she wolde agre
This was the substance of the play
This was shewed here to day
All be it that there was
Dyuers toyes mengled yn the same
To styre folke to myrthe and game
And to do them solace
The whiche trykyllis be impytinent
To the matter principall
But neuer the lesse they be expedient
For to satisfye and content
Many a man with all
For some there be that lokis a gappys
Only for suche trysles and Jappys

And some there be a monge
That forceth lytyll of suche madnes
But delytyth them in matter of sadnes
Be it neuer so longe
And euery man must haue hys mynde.
Ellis thay will many sautys fynde
And say the play was nought
But no force I car not
Let them say and spare not
For god knoweth my thought
It is the mynde and intent
Of me and my company to content
The leste that stondyth here
And so I trust ye wyll it a lowe
By godis mercy where am I now
It were almys to wrynge me by the eare
By cause I make suche degression
From the matter that I began
whan I entred the halle
For had I made a gode cõtynuaunce
I sholde haue put you in remẽbraunce
And to your myndis call
How lucres wyll come hyder a gayne
And her sayde louers bothe twayne
To dyffyne thys question
whether of them ys the more noble man
For theron all this matter began
It is the chefe foundacyon
Of all thys proces both all and some
And yf thes players where ons come
Of this matter will they speke
I meruell gretely in my mynde
That thay tary so long behynde

Theyre howre for to breke
But what sys I pray you eurychone
Haue pacyens for thay come a none
I am sure they wyll not fayle
But thay wyll mete in this place
As theyre promys and apoyntment wase
And ellis I haue merueyle
Let me se what is now a cloke
A there cōmyth one I here hym knoke
He knokythe as he were wood
One of you go loke who it is
B Nay nay all the meyny of them I wis,
Can not so moche gode
A man may rappe tyll his naylis ake
Or ony of them wyll the labour take
To gyue hym an answere
A, I haue grete maruell on the
That euer thou wylt take vpon the
To chyde ony man here
No man is so moche to blame as thow
For longe tarynge
B Cye god auow
wyll ye play me that
Mary that shall be amended anone
I am late comen and I wyll sone be gone
Ellis I shrew my catt
Kockis body sys it is a fayre resone
I am com hedyr att this season
Only at thy byddynge
And now thou makyst to me a quarell
As though all the matter were in parell
By my longe tarynge
Now god be with you so mote I the

ye shall play the knaue a lone for me
A What I am a frayde
I wis ye are but lewyde
Turne agayne all be shrewyde
Now are you fayre prayde
B Why than is your angyr all do
A Ye mary is it lo
B So is myne too
I haue done clene
But now how goyth this matter forth
Of this mariage
A By saynt iame ryght nought worth
I wot nere what thay meane
For I can none other wise thinke
But that some of them begyn to shrinke
By cause of ther longe tariage
B Shrynke now ye a/mary that were meruele
But one thinge of surete I can the tell
As touchynge this mariage
Cornelius my mayster apoyntyth hym ther vpone
And dowtles he wyll be here a none
In payne of forty pens
In so muche that he hath deuyslyde
Certayne straungers freshly disgysyd
Att his owne expens
For to be here this nyght also
A Straungers ye a/what to do
B Mary for to glade with all
This gentylwomã at her hedyr comynge
A A then I se well we shall haue A mũmynge
B Ye surely that we shall
And therfor neuer thinke it in thy mynde
That my mayster wyll be behynde

Nor slacke at this bargyn
Mary here he cōmyth I haue hym aspyde
No more wordis stonde thou a syde
For it is he playne
cor. ⊙ ¶ Wy frynde where abowt goist thou all day
B ¶ Mary syr I came heder to a say
whedyr these folke had ben here
And yet thay be not come
So helpe me god and holydome
Ok that I haue moche maruaile/that thay tary so
cor. ¶ Mary go thi way/& wit where thay wyll or no
B ¶ Tye god a bow shall I so
cor. ¶ Tye mary so I say
B ¶ Tyet in that poynt as semyth me
ye do not accordynge to your degre
cor. ¶ I pray the tell me why
B ¶ Mary it wolde be com them well I now
To be here a fore and to wayte vpon you
And not you to tary
For theyr laysyr and abyde them here
As it were one that were ledde by the eare
For that I dely
By this mene you sholde be theyr druge
I tell you trought I
And yet the worst that greueth me
Is that your aduersary sholde in you se
So notable A foly
Therfore withdraw you for a seasone
cor. ¶ By seynt Johan thou sayst but reasone
B ¶ Tye do so hardely
And whan the tyme drawith vpon
That thay be com euerychone
And all thinge redy

B ¶ Than shall I come streyght a way
For to seche you withoute delay
cor. ¶ Be it so hardely
But one thinge whyle I thiuke ther one
Remēber this when I am gone
yef hit happon so
That lucres come in fyrst alone
Go in hand with her anone
How so euer thou do
For to kele her mynde toward me
And by all meanis possyble to be
In duce her ther vnto
B ¶ Than some token you must gyue me
For ellis she wyll not beleue me
That I cam from you
cor. ¶ Mary that is euyn wysely spoken
Cōmaunde me to her by the same token
She knowyth it well I now
That as she and I walkydc onis to gedyr
In her garden hedyr and thedyr
There happonde a straunge case
For at the last we dyd se
Abyrd sittynge on a holow tre
An ashe I trow it was
Anone she prayde me for to assay
yf I coude start the byrde a way
B ¶ And dyde ye so/alas alas
cor. ¶ why the deuyll sayst thou so
B ¶ By cokkis bonis for it was a kocko
And men say amonge
He that throwyth stone or stycke
At suche abyrde he is lycke
To synge that byrdes songe

cor. What the deuyll recke I therfore
Here what I say to the euer more
And marke thine erand well
Syr I had no stone to throw with all
And therfore she toke me her musc ball
And thus it befell
I kyst it as straygyt as ony pole
So that it lyghtyde euyn in the hole
Of the holow ashe
Now canst thou remēber all this
B By god I wolde be loth to do amys
For some tyme I am full rashe
ye say that ye kyst it euyn in the hole
Of the holow ashe as strayte as apole
Sayde ye not so
cor. Yes.
B Well then let me a lone
As for this erande it shall be done
As sone as ye be go
cor. Fare well then I leue the here
And remēbyr well all this gere
How so euer thou do Et exeat corneli?
B Yes hardely this erande shall be spoken
But how say you syrs by this tokene
Is it not a quaynt thinge
I wenyt he hade bene a sad man
But I se well he is amade man
In this message doynge
But what chose he for me
I am but as a messanger perde
The blame shall not be myne but his
For I wyll his token reporte
whether he take it in ernest or sporte

I wyll not therof mys
Be ſhe wroth or well a payde
I wyll tell her euyn as he ſayde ¶Intrat lucres.
¶God a bow here ſhe is
It is tyme for me to be wyſe
Now welcome lady. floure of priſe
I haue ſought you twyſe or thryſe
wythin this houre I wys
luc. ¶We ſyr haue ye ſought me
B ¶ye that I haue by god that bowght me
luc. ¶To what intent
B ¶Mary for I haue thingis a few
The which I muſt to you ſhew
By my mayſters cõmaũdement
Publius Cornelius is hys name
your veray louer in payne of ſhame
And yf ye loue hym not ye be to blame
For this dare I ſay
And on a boke make it gode
He loyd you better than his one hart blode
luc. ¶Hys harde bloode nay nay
Half that loue wolde ſerue for me
B ¶yet ſithe he dyde you fyrſt ſe
In the place where he dwellis
He had loyd you ſo in hys hart
That he ſettyth not by hym ſelf a fart
Nor by noo man ellis
And by cauſe ye ſhulde gyue credence
Unto my ſayng in hys abſence
And truſt to that I ſay
He tolde me tokyns. ii. or. iii.
whiche I know well as he tolde me
luc. ¶Tokyns what be thay

B ¶Let me se.now I had nede to be wyse
For one of his tokyns is very nyse
As euer I harde tell
He prayd you for to beleue me
By the same tokyn that ye and he
walkyd to geder by a holow tre
luc. ¶All that I know well
B ¶A than I am yet in the ryght way
But I haue som other thyng to say
Towchyng my credence
whiche as I thynke were best to be spared
For happely ye wold not haue it declared
Byfore all this audience
luc. ¶Nay nay hardely spare not
As for my dedis I care not
yf all the worlde it harde
B ¶Mary than shall I procede
He shewde me also in very dede
How ther satt a byrde
And than ye delyueryd hym your muskball
For to throw at the byrd with all
And than as he sayd ye dyd no wors
But euyn fayr kyst hym on the noke of the ars
luc. ¶Nay ther thow lyest falsely by my fay
B ¶Trouth it was on the hole of thars I shulde say
I wyst well it was one of the too
The noke or the hole
luc. ¶Nay nor yet so
B ¶By my fayth ye kyst hym or he kyst you
On the hole of thars chose you now
This he tolde me sure
How be it I speke it not in reproue
For it was done but for gode loue

And for no synfull pleasure
luc. ¶ Nay nay man thow art fart a mys
I know what thyn erande is
Though thow be neclygent
Of thy foly thou mayst well a bassche
For thou shuldis haue sayde the holow assche
That hole thy mayster ment
B ¶ By god a vow I trow it was
I crye you mercy I haue done you trespas
But I pray you take it in pacyence
For I mystoke it by necligence
A nyscheef com theron
He myght haue sent you this gere in a letter
But I shall go lerne myn erande better
And cum ayen a non ¶ Et exeat.
luc. Cye so do hardely
Now for soth this was a lewed message
As euer I harde sith I was bore
And yf his mayster haue therof knowlege
He wyll be angry with hym therfore
How be it I will speke therof no more
For hyt hath ben my condiscyon alwey
No man to hender but to helpe where I may
¶ Intrat A.
A ¶ Feyr maysters lyketh it you to know
That my mayster comaunde me to you
luc. ¶ Cõmaundeth you to me
A ¶ Nay cõmaundeth you to hym
luc. ¶ Wele amendyd by saynt sym
A ¶ Cõmaundeth he to you I wolde say
Or ellis you to he now chose ye may
whether lyketh you better
And here he sendyth you a letter
Godis mercy I had it ryght now

Syrs is there none there a mong you
That toke vp suche a wrytyng
I pray you syrs let me haue it agayne
luc. Ye ar a gode messanger for certeyne
But I pray you syr of one thyng
who is your mayster tell me that
A Mayster what call ye hym yde ye wott
whome I mene well and fyne
luc. Yet I know not so mot I go
A What yes yde he that wolde haue you so
luc. I suppose there be many of tho
yt I wolde enclyne
But yet know I not who ye mene
I holde best that ye go a geyene
To lerne your maysters name
A By my fayth and I holde it best
ye may say I am a homely gest
In ernest & in game
luc. A byde I shall go to you nere honde
what ys your owne name I wolde vnderstonde
Tell me that or I go
I trow thou canst not well tell
A By my fayth not verely well
By cause ye say so
Et scalpes caput post modicũ interuallũ dicat
By this lyght I haue forgoten
How be it by that tyme I haue spoken
with som of my company
I shall be acerteyned of this gere
But shall I fynde you agayne here
luc. Ye that thow shalt happely
Et exeat A.
cor. Now fayr lucres accordyng to thappoyntement
That ye made with me here this day

By cause ye shall not fynde me there neclygent
Here I am come your wyll to obey
And redy am I for my selfe to sey
That as towchyng the degre of noble condycion
Betwyxt me and gayus there may be no cõparison
And that shall I shew you by apparent reasdn
yf it shall lyke you that I now begynne
luc. ¶ Nay. ye shall spare it for a lytyll season
Tyl I suche tyme ẏ gayus your aduersary come in
For I wyll gyue you therin none audience
Tyll ye be both to geer in presence
And in ony wyse kepe well your patience
Lyke as I haue bound you both to the peace
I forbyde you vtterly. all maner of violence
Durynge this matter. and also that ye seace
Of all suche wordis as may gyue occasion
Of brallynge or other ongodely condycion
cor. ¶ There shal be in me no suche abusyon
In worde nor. dede. I you pmyse
But now let me se. what occupation
Or what maner of passe tyme wyll ye deuyse
whyle that these folke dothe tary this wyse
wyll ye see a bace daunce after the gyse
Of spayne. whyle ye haueno thynge to do
All thynge haue I puruaide that belongyth therto
luc. ¶ Syr I shall gyue you the lokynge on
cor. ¶ wyll ye do so I aske no more
Go sone and bidde them come thens a none
And cause the mynystrell to come in beffore
B ¶ Mary. as for. one of them his lippe is sore
I trow he may not pype he is so syke
Spele vp tamborynne ik bide owe frelike
¶ Et deinde corisabunt.

luc. ¶For sothe this was a godely recreacyon
But I pray you of what mauer nation
Be these godely creatours
were they of Englonde or of wales
B ¶May they be wylde Irisch portyngales
That dyde all these pleasures
How be it/it was for my maysters sake
And he wyll deserue it I vndertake
On the largest wyse
cor. ¶Go thy selfe why stondis thou so
And make them chere let it be do
The best thou canst deuyse
B ¶Yes they shall haue chere heuyn hye
But one thing I promyse you faithfully
They get no drynke therto ¶Exeat.
¶Dicat lucres.
¶Lo here thys man ys come now
Now may ye in your matter pcede
ye remembre both what I sayde to you
Touchynge myne answere I trow it is no nede
Dny more to reherse it
cor. ¶No in veray dede
For moche reherfall wolde let the spede
Of all this matter it nedyth no more
Let vs roundely to the matter we come for
luc. ¶Ye that I pray you as hartly as I can
But fyrst me sempth it were expedient
That ye both name some indifferent man
For to gyue betwyxt you the forseyde iugement
cor. ¶May as for that by myne assent
No man shall haue that office but ye
Ga. ¶And I holde me well content that it so be
luc. ¶Ye but notwythstondyng that ye therto agre

That I sholde this question of nobles diffine
It is a grete matter whiche as sempth me
Pertayneth to a philosopher or ellis a deuyne
How be it sith the choyse of this matter is myne
I can be content vnder certayne ptestacyon
whan that I haue harde you to say myne opinion.
¶ To this wyse I mene and thus I do intende
That what so euer sentēce I gyue betwyxt you two
After myne owne fantasie it shall not extende
To ony other pson I wyll that it be so
For why no man ellis hath theryn a do
It may not be notyde for a generall precedent
All be it that for your partis ye do therto assent
Ga. ¶ As touchyng that poynt we holde vs well cōtent
your sentence shall touche no man but vs twayne
And sith ye shall gyue it by our owne agrement
None other man ought to haue there at disdayne
wherfor all thys dout ye may well refrayne
And in ỳ matter principall this tyme wolde be spent
cor. ¶ Than wyll I begynne
Ga. ¶ I holde me well content
cor. ¶ Syth ye haue promysed fayre lucres here to fore
That to the more noble man ye wyll enclyne
vary not fro that worde and I aske no more
For than shall the victory of this cause be myne
As it shalbe easy to Iugge and diffyne
For euery creature that ony reason hase
Ye sempth I durst make hym selfe iugge in this case
Saue that I fere me the beaute of your face
Sholde therin blynde hym so that he ne mygh
Egally disserne the wronge fro the right
And if he were halfe so wyse a man in dede
As he reputeth hym selfe for to be

vpon your saide answere he sholde not nede
To gayne say in this matter or trauers with me
My noblenes is knowen thorow all the cyte
He knoweth hym selfe the noblenes of my kyn
And at that one poynt my proces I wyll begyne

Amonge all thistoryes of Romaynes that ye rede
Where fynde ye ony blode of so gret noblenes
As hath ben the cornelys wherof I am brede
And if so be that I wolde therin holde my pease
Yet all your cornecles beryth gode witnes
That my pgenytours and auncetours haue be
The chefe ayde and diffence of this noble cyte

How ofte haue myne auncetours i tymes of necessite
Delyuerd this cyte from dedely parell
As well by theyr manhode as by theyr police
What ieopardi & paine they haue suffred in ꝑ quarell
Thempire to encrece and for the comune wele
It nedith not the specialties to reherse or name
Sith euery trew romaine knoweth the same

In euery manys howse that histories be rife
And wrytten in bookes as in some placis be
The geftis of arthur. or of alexandyrs life
In the whiche storyes ye may euidently se
And rede how Cartage that royall cyte
By civion of affrick my grete graunte sire
Subduede was and also ascribede to his empire

And many other cyties that dyde conspire
Ayenst the noble senatoure makynge resistence
As often as necessite did it require
They were reducyd vnto due obedience

Eyther by the policy or by the violence
Of my sayde aunceters thistories be playne
And witnesse ꝑ I speke not these wordis in vayne

My blode hath euer takyn suche payne
To salue garde the comune wele fro ruyn & decay
That by one aduyse the Senat dyde ordeyne
Them to be namyd the faders of the contrary
And so were myne auctours reputed alway
For in euery nede they dyde vpon them call
For helpe as the chylde doth on the fader naturall

How be it to prayre them it was no nede at all
For of their owne myndis they were redy alway
In tokyn of the same for a memoriall
Of theyr desertis the cytie dyde edifye
Triumphall arches wheruppon ye may
To my grete honour se at this day
Thymages of myn auncetours euyn by and by
By cause that theyr noblenes sholde neuer dye

In token also that they were worthy
Grete honour and prayse of all the contray
It is cōmaunded and vsed generally
That euery cytezen that passith that way
By the sayde Images he must obey
And to that fygures make a due reuerence
And ellis to the lawes he dothe grete offence

Sith it is so than that of conuenience
Suche honoure and homage must nedis be do
To these dede ymagis than muche more reuerence
To me sholde be geuyn I trow ye thinke so

For I am theyr very ymage and relyque to
Of theyr flesch and blode. and veray Inherytoure
As well of theyr godes. as of theyr sayde honoure

To me they haue left many a castell and toure
whiche in theyr triūphes thay rightfully wan
To me they haue also left all theyr tresoure
In suche abundaunce that I trow no man
with in all rome sith it fyrst began
Had halfe the store as I vnderstonde
That I haue euyn now at ons in my honde

Lo in these thyngs my noblenes doth stonde
whiche in myne oppynyon suffiseth for this intent
And I trow there is no man throwgh all this londe
Of Italy but if he were here present
He wolde to my sayng in this matter assent
And gyue vnto me the honoure and pēminence
Rather than make a gayne me resistence

I maruayle gretly what shulde thy mynde insence
To thinke that thy tytle therin sholde be gode
Yarde thow canst not say for thy deffence
That euer there was gentilman of thy kyn or blode
And if there were oone it wolde be vnderstonde
without it be thy self whiche now of late
Among noble gentylmen playest check mate
Luc. No more therof I pray you. suche wordis I hate
And I dyde for bid you them at the begynnyng
To eschue thoccasyon of stryfe and debate
Ga. Nay let hym a lone he spekyth after his lernyng
For I shall answer hym to euery thyng
whan he hath all said if ye woll here me

As I thinke ye wyll of your equyte
cor. Abide I must make an ende fyrst yde
To you swete lucres I wolde haue said beffore
That yf ye wyll to my desyre in this matter agre
Doubtles ye shall blesse the tyme y euer ye were bore
For riches shall ye haue at your will euer more
Without care or study of laboriouse besynes
And spend all your dayes in ease & plesaũt idelnesse

About your owne apparell ye can do non excesse
In my cõpany that sholde displese my mynd
With me shall ye do non other maner of besynes
But hunt for your solace at the hart and hynde
And some tyme where we cõuenient game fynde
Oure hawkis shal be redy to shew you a flight
Whiche shal be right plesaũt & chereful to your sight

And yf so be that in huntyng ye haue no delyght
Than may ye daunce a whyle for your disport
Ye shall haue at your pleasure both day and night
All maner of mynstralsy to do you comfort
Do what thyng ye wyll I haue to support
Our chargis. and ouer that I may sustayne
At myne owne fyndyng an.C.or twayne

And as for hym I am certayn
Hys auncetours were of full poore degre
All be it that now withyn a yere or twayne
By cause that he wold a gentilman be
He hath hym goten both office and fee
Whiche after the rate of hys wrechyd sparyng
Suffiseth scarsely for hys bare lyuynge

wherfore swete lucres it were not accordyng
For your grete beaute with hym to dwell
For there sholde ye haue a threde bare lyuynge
with wrechyd scarcenes and I haue herde tell
That maydens of your age loue not ryght well
Suche maner of husbondis without it be thay
That forceth lytyll to cast them self a way

I mene specyally for suche of them as may
Spede better if they wyll as ye be yn the case
And therfore lucres what so euer he wyll say
Hys title agaynst you to force and embrace
ye shall do your owen selfe to grete a trespas
yf ye folow hys part and enclyne therto
Now say what/ye wyll syr for I haue all doo

B With ryght gode will I shall go to
So that ye will here me with as grete pacience
As I haue harde you/reason wolde soo
And what so euer I shall speke in this audience
Eyther of myn owne merit? or of hys insolence
yet fyrst vnto you all syrs I make this request
That it wolde lyke you to construe it to the best

For lothe wolde I be as ony creature
To boste of myne owne dedis it was neuer my gyse
On that other syde loth I am to make ony reporture
Of this mans foly or hym to dispice
But neuer ꝑ lesse this matt towchyth me i suche wise
That what so euer ye thinke in me I must ꝓcede
vnto the veray trouth therof. as the matt is in dede

To make a grete reherfall of that ye haue saide
The tyme will not suffre but neuer the lesse

Two thingſ for your ſelf in ſubſtaũce ye haue layd
whiche as ye ſuppoſe maketh for your nobles
Upon the whiche thingis dependith all your pceſſe
Fyrſt of your auncetours ye allege the noble geſtis
Secondly ꝑ ſubſtaunce ꝑ ye haue of theyr bequeſtſ.

In the whiche thingis onely by your owne cõfeſſion
Standeth all your noblenes this ſayd ye beffore
where vnto this I ſay vnder the correction
Of lucres oure Iugge here that ye ar neuer ꝑ more
worthy in myne oppynio to be callyd noble therfore
And withoute ye haue bett̃ cauſes to ſhew thã theſe
Of reſon ye muſt the victory of this matter leſe

To ꝑ fyrſt parte as touching your auncetours dedſ
Some of them were noble lyke as ye declare
Theſtorys bereth witnes I muſt graũt them nedſ
But yet for all that ſome of them ware
Of contrary diposycion like as ye are
For they dyde no profite no more do ye
To the comon wele of this noble cytie

yf ye wyll the title of noblenes wynne
Shew what haue ye done your ſelf therfore
Some of your owne meritis let ſe/bryng in
yf euer ye dyde ony ſyth ye were bore
But ſurely ye haue no ſuche thyng in ſtore
Of your owne meritſ wherby of right
ye ſhulde appere noble to ony mãnys ſight

But neuer theleſſe I wyll you not blame
Thowgh ye ſpeke not of your owne dedſ at all
And to ſay the trowght ye may not for ſhame

pour lyke is so voluptuouse and so bestiall
In folowynge of euery lust sensuall
That I maruaille no thynge in my mynde
yf ye leue pour owne dedis be hynde

He wenyth that by hys proude contenaunce
Of worde and dede with nyse aray
Hys grete othys and open mayntenaunce
Of theftis and murdres euery day
Also hys ryotouse disportis and play
Hys sloth his cowardy and other excesse
Hys mynde disposed to all vnciennesse
By these thyngis oonly he shall haue noblenesse

Nay the title of noblenes wyll not ensue
A man that is all geuyn to suche insolence
But it groweth of longe continued vertu
As I trust lady that poure indifference
Can well diffyne by pour sentence
Hys auncetours were not of suche condicion
But all contrary to hys disposicyon

And therfore they were noble withouten faile
And dyde grete honoure to all the contrey
But what can theyr sayde noblenes aduayle
To hym that takyth a contrary way
Of whome men spekith euery day
So grete dishonoure that it is maruel
The contrey suffereth hym therin to dwelle

And where he to wyteth me of porekyn
He doth me therin a wrongfull offence
For no man shall thankis or prayseyng wyn

By the gyftis that he hath of naturès influence
Lyke wyse I thinke by a contrary sense
That if a man be borne blynde or lame
Not he hym selfe but nature therin is to blame

Therfor he doth not me therin reprewe
And as for that poynt/this I wott welle
That both he and I cam of adam and eue
There is no difference that I can tell
whiche makith oon man an other to excell
So moche as doth vertue and godely maner
And therin I may well with hym compare

How be it, I speke it not for myne one prayse
But certeynly this hath euer be my condicion
I hane borne vnto god all my daies
His laude and prayse with me due deuocion
And next that I bere all wayes
To all my neyghbours charitable affeccyon
Incōtynency ⁊ onclēnes I haue had in abhomiacio
Louyng to my frende and faythfull with all
And euer I haue withstonde my lustis sensuall

One tyme with study my tyme I spende
To eschew Idelnes the causer of syn
An other tyme my contrey manly I deffend
And for the victoryes that I haue done therin
ye haue sene your selfe syr that I haue come in
To this noble cytee twyse or thyrse
Crownyd with lawryel as it is the gyse

By these wayes lo I do aryse
Unto grete honoure fro low degre
And yf myn heires will do like wyse

Thay shal be brought to nobles by me
But Cornely it semyth by the
That the nobles of thyn auncetours euerycheon
Shall vtterly starce and die in the alone

And where he towiteth me on that other syde
Of small possession and grete scaecenes
For all ꝑ lady if ye will with me a bidde
I shall assure you of moderate richesse
And that sufficient for vs both doutles
ye shall haue also a man accordyng
To youre owne condicions in euery thing

Now lucres I haue shewyd vnto you a parte
Of my title that I clayme you by
Beseechynge you therfore with all my hart
To consider vs both twayne indifferently
whiche of vs twayne ye will rather alow
More worthy for nobles to marry with you
luc. Syrs I haue hard you both at large
cor. Nay abide lucres I pray you hertly
Sithe he leyeth many thynges to my charge
Suffre that I may therunto repply
luc. I wis replication shall not be necessary
withoute that ye haue some other thing in store
To shew for your self than ye dyde beffore
cor. Why lady what thing will ye desyre more ?
Than I haue shewyd to make for noblenes
luc. Yes som thyng ther ys that makyth therfore
Better than ye haue shewid in your pcesse
But now let me se what man of witnes
Or what other proues will ye forth bryng
By the whiche eyther of you may iustifie his sayng

Ga. ¶As for my parte I wyll stonde gladly
To the cõmune voyce of all the contrey
luc. ¶And ye lyke wyse syr
cor. ¶ye certaynly
I shall in no wyse your worde dissobey
luc. ¶Than wyll I betwyxt you both take this way
I shall go enquyre as faste as I may
what the cõmune fame wyll theryn report
And whan I haue therof a due euidence
Than shall I a gayne to you resorte
To shew you thoppynyon of my sentence
whome I wyll iugge to haue the pẽmynence
cor. ¶Nay fayre lucres I you requyre
Let me not now depart in vayne
Not knowyng theffect of my desyre
luc. ¶Syr all though it be to you a payne
yet must ye do so euyn both twayne
Eche of you depart hens to hys owne place
And take no more labour or payne in this case
For as towchyng theffect of my sentence
I shall go write it by gode aduysement
Sone after that I am departed fro hens
And than to eyther of you both shalbe sent
A copy of the same to this intent
That of none other pson it shall be sayn
Sith it concerneth but onely vnto you twayne
Ga. ¶This is a gode waye as in my mynde
Ar not ye syr content in lyke wyse
cor. ¶I wot nere yet I wyll prayse as I fynde
And as I haue cause that is euyr my gyse
Ga. ¶well lucres will ye cõmaunde me ony seruyce
luc. ¶No seruyce at all syr why say ye so
Our lorde spede you both where so euer ye goo

Et exeant pub. cornelus et
gaius flam.

¶ Now som mayde happely. & she were in my case
wolde not take that way that I do intend
For I am fully determyned with godis grace
So that to gaius I wyll condyscend
For in this case I do hym cõmend
As the more noble man sith he thys wyse
By meane of hys vertue to honoure doth aryse
¶ And for all that I wyll not dispise
The blode of cornelius I pray you thinke not so
God forbede that ye sholde note me that wyse
For truely I shall honoure them where so euer I go
And all other that be of lyke blode also
But vnto the blode I wyll haue lytyl respect
where tho condicyons be synfull and abiect
¶ I pray you all syrs as meny. as be here
Take not my wordis by a sinistre way
B ¶ Yes by my trouth I shall witnes bere
where so euer I be com a nother day
How suche a gentylwoman did oppynly say
That by a chorles son she wolde set more
Than she wolde do by a gentylman bore
luc. ¶ Nay syr than ye report me amys
B ¶ I pray you tell me how sayd ye than
luc. ¶ For god syr the substaũce of my wordis was this
I say euyn as I saide whan I began
That for vertue excellent I will honoure a man
Rather than for hys blode if it so fall
That gentil condicyons a gre not with all
B ¶ Than I put case that a gentilman bore
Haue godely maners to his birth accordyng
luc. ¶ I say of hym is to be set gret store

Suche one is worthy more lawde and praysyng
Than many of them that hath their begynnyng
Of low kynred ellis god forbede
I wyll not afferme the contrary for my hede
For in that case ther may be no comparyson
But neuer the lesse I said this before
That a man of excellent vertuouse condicions
All though he be of a pore stoke bore
yet I wyll honour and cõmende hym more
Than one that is descendide of ryght noble kyn
whose lyffe is all dissolute and rotyde in syn
And therfore I haue determyned vtterly
That gaius flaminius shall haue his intent
To hym onely I shall my self apply
To vse me in wedloke at his cõmaundement
So that to cornelyus I wyll neuer assent
All though he had as grete possession
As ony one man in cristen region
I shall in no wyse fauour or loue hys condicyon
How be it that his blode requyreth due reuerence
And that shall I gyue hym with all submyssion
But yet shall he neuer haue the p̃emynence
To speke of very nobles by my sentence
ye be hys seruaunt syr go your way
And report to your mayster euyn as I say
B ¶Shall I do that erand nay let be
By the rode ye shall do it your selfe for me
I pmyse you faythfully
I wolde my mayster had be in scotland
whan he dyd put this matter in her hand
To stond to her iugement
But for asmoche as it is so
That this wrong to hym is doo

By a woman.he must let it goo
And holde hym content
But he is of suche dispoſycion
That whan he hereth of this conclusion
He wylbe starke madd
ye by my trowth as made as an hare
It shall make hym so full of care
That he wyll with hym selfe fare
Euyn as it were a lade
And so wold not I so mote I thee
For this matter and I were as he
It shulde neuer anger me
But this wold I do
I wolde let her go in the mare name
A What now syrs how goth the game
what is this woman go
B Lye ye man.
A And what way hathe she takyn
B By my fayth my mayster is forsakyn
And nedis she wyll a gre
Unto thy mayster thus she saieth
And many causes therfore she leyeth
why it shulde so be
A I maruayle gretely wherof that grue
B By my fayth she saide I tell the true
That she wolde nedis haue hym for his vertue
And for none other thynge
A Vertue what the deuyll is that
And I can tell I shrew my catt
To myne vnderstondynge
B By my fayth no more can I
But this she said here oppynly
All these folke can tell

A Ho w say ye gode woman is it your gyse
To chose all your husbondis that wyse
By my trought than I maruaile
B Nay this is the fere so mot I goo
Tat men chise not theyr wyffe so.
In placis where I haue be
For wiffe may well complayne and grone
Albe it that cause haue they none
That I can here or se
But of weddyd men there be ryght fewe
That welle not say the best is a shrew
Therin they all a gree
I warne you weddyd men euerichone
That other remede haue ye none
So moche for your ease
And ye wold study tyll to morow
But let them euyn alone with sorow
whan they do you displease
A Tusshe here is no man that settyth a blank
By thy consell or kōneth the thank
Speke therof no more
They know that remedy better than thow
But what shall we twayne do now
I care most therfore
Me thinketh that matter wolde be wist
B Mary we may goo hens whan we lyst
No man saith vs nay
A Cwhy than is the play all do
B Cye by my feyth and we were ons go
It were do streght wey
A And I wolde haue thought in vere dede
That this matter sholde haue prede
To som other conclusion

B Tye thou art a maister mery man
Thou shall be wyse I wot nere whan
Is not the question
Of noblenes now fully defynde
As it may be so. by a womans mynde
What woldyst thow haue more
Thow toldest me that other day
That all the substaunce of this play
was done specially therfor
Not onely to make folke myrth and game
But that suche as be gentilmen of name
May be somwhat mouyd
By this example for to eschew
The wey of vyce and fauour vertue
For syn is to be reprouyd
More in them. for the degre
Than in other parsons such as be
Of pour kyn and birth
This was the cause principall
And also for to do with all
This company some myrth
And though the matter that we haue playde
Be not percase so wele conueyde
And with so gret reason
As thistory it self requyreth
yet the auctour therof desyrith
That for this season
At the lest ye will take it in pacience
And yf therbe ony offence
Show vs where in or we go hence
Done in the same
It is onely far lacke of cõnynge
And not he/but his wit rũnynge

Is there of to blame
And glade wolde he be/and ryght fayne
That some man of stabyll brayne
wolde take on hym the labour and payne
This mater to a mende
And so he wyllyd me for to say
And that done of all this play
Shortely here we make and end

I am Mr. Rob. Somerfyldes book

Empryntyd at london by Johan rastell
dwellynge on the south syde of paulys
chyrche by syde paulys cheyne.

Mr. Ch Borrs